BRILLIANTS.

to me the meanest flower that blows can Thoughts that do often lie foo deep for

I long so I would rather wait; Each hour I see the unseen comer: Each hour turns ripe in secret summer. The joys which I anticipate."

For me no dirges musical, No brass on the cathedral wall. all things are your memorial.

The wind upthrobbing from the shore is like your footsteps on the floor. talke your hand upon the door. A silent presence ever near,

Round books your fingers touched last A subtle, ghostly atmosphere. VIEW OF THE MATTERHORN.

The Difficulties of Its Ascent Partially

Overcome-Fate of the Conquerors. At half-past 5 in the morning I obtained my first and best view of the sublime Matterhorn from a chamber of the hotel. It was like an instantaneous photograph. Perhaps not a second elapsed before a drifting cloud covered the summit. But in that fleeting moment the view was complete. In the pure air of Zermatt (itself 5,300 feet high the stars shine with an intensity unknown to lower regions, and mountains which are miles away seem to overhang the village. The height of the Matterhorn is about 14,700 feet. This great as it is, would not count for so much but for the peculiar shape of the peak. As seen from Zermatt it presents two sides of a pyramid of solid rock. These rise at very sharp angles from a slender base, and terminate in the form of a horn. This actually curves at the top. It recalls to mind a walrus tooth or the horn of a rhinoceros. A slight coating of snow mantles only a part of

this rockiest of mountains. Nothing could seem more difficult than the ascent of the Matterhorn. As one looks at it the wonder grows that the little churchyard of the hamlet, which holds the bodies of the three who paid with their lives for the honor of "conquering" it twenty years ago, is not filled with victims of the same ambition. In the precious instant of my observation I mark the route by which those daring men made their ascent. There is the antly. There is the steepest of slopes, up which they were the pioneers. There is the precipice of 4,000 feet, down which four of the party slipped as they were returning from their victory. And somewhere down there among the eternal snow, perhaps in the fathomless crevasse of a glacier, is still buried the body of Lord Douglass, one of the most intrepid members of the expedition. But while I am identifying these points of

interest, a cloud eclipses all. I had seen just enough of the obstacles of the Matterhorn to increase my amazement at the well-known fact that it is often ascended with safety nowadays. It should be remembered that ropes have been securely fastened to the sides of the mountain in the worst places, and make the task less difficult than formerly. There are guides standing in the street in front of this hotel who would conduct you to the top of the Matterhorn and bring you back alive for a moderate sum. But they would not start to-day or to-morrow. They would wait until July, when the snow had melted and left the lower part of the Matterhorn bare. Even now, however, an offer large enough will procure the attempt-and probably a successful one-to accomplish this greatest of Alpine feats.-Switzerland Cor. Journal of Commerce.

Coming to a Wise Conclusion. One summer evening after Harry and his little sister Helen had been put to bed

a severe thunder-storm came up. Their cribs stood side by side, and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike

They wondered whether they would be killed right off and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal.

But tired nature could not hold on a long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last with renewed cheerfulness in his voice,

Well, I'm going to trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying, "Well, I dess I will

he said, as he laid his head on the pillow:

And they both went to sleep, without more words. - Youth's Companion.

The Northernmost Editor in the World. The man who probably claims this distinction is the printer and Esquimaux poet, L. Moller, who edits the illustrated Esquimaux paper, Atuagagliutit, published at Godthaab, a Danish colony on the west coast of Greenland 64 degrees north latitude. This enterprising journalist joined the expedition of Nordenskiold for the exploration of the interior of Greenland in order to be able to supply his paper with illustrated reports of the journey. Nordenskiold gives a portrait of Moller in his recent published work on Greenland, and the face looks remarkably intelligent and good natured. His sketches, too, show considerable talent, being vivid and true to nature. The Esquimaux editor is an interesting

Private Car for Mrs Pullman. The private car in which Mrs. Pullman travels is in imitation of a modern dwelling. Divans of more than Turkish luxuriousness occupy the centers and sides of the main room in the center of the car, while reclining chairs, ottomans and easy chairs are scattered around. A magnificent cabinet organ is one of the handomest ornaments of the drawing-room. The dining-room and sleeping and kitchen apartments are fitted up on the tame magnificent scale.—New York Mail and Express.

man.-Pall Mall Gazette.

Doctors in the United States. The United States have nearly three times as many doctors as England, and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population.—Chicago

A St. Louis newspaper claims to have printed a history of the last man who was killed in the war of the rebellion.

There are 3,000 journals published in Asia, of which no fewer than 2,000 appear in Japan.

A Methodist missionary has been appointed chief physician of the Chinese BALL PLAYERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Matters Other Than Skill Upon Which They Believe Victory Depends. Few persons who attend the great base ball games in this vicinity know that base ball players are the most superstitious of men. It is not generally understood that skill has very little to do with the result of a match. A bird flying over the field, the flag blowing in a certain direction, a little boy picked up ky one of the nines, a goat or a dog wandering across the diamond while the game is going on-these are the things which incline victory to one side or the other. Mascots seem to be the latest craze among ball players. Last season the mascot of the Chicago club was the cause of their winning the championship-that is, the players say so, and it would be hard work to change their opinion. The Detroit club are trying the mascot business this season, and they think with success. Managers say that the idea that a mascot helps a club to win is undoubtedly a good thing, as it serves to make them play with more spirit and greater sharpness. To show what superstitious ideas ball players have, here is a little list:

Porter, the Brooklyn player, is the owner of a red jersey, which he has worn in every game he has pitched for the Brooklyn club. He thinks that it would be impossible to win a game without it, and should he be forced to go on the field without it, the idea that he would lose would be so impressed upon his mind that he surely would lose the game. In St. Louis last season, the jersey was at the laundry; and he could not get it out. He was so affected that he cried. The jersey was recovered, however, by one of the directors of the club just in the nick of time, and Porter won the game.

The Detroit club have a colored boy born with teeth, and they would not exchange him for his weight in gold. The Metropolitan club, as a whole, believe that white stockings and blue caps are the only lucky dress that a player can wear. If the club see a load of empty barrels going in the same direction as themselves, it is a sign of good luck.

Last fall, when there was a great demand for the pictures of the New York team, they refused to have them taken, as they were laboring under the belief that it would bring them bad luck. Their recent bad luck was owing, they say, to their not having a mascot. Now that they have one, they are playing

Smith, of the Brooklyn club, has mascot all to himself. He takes him on the field every day, and has him bat fly balls, which Smith catches. Thus Smith says he is sure of getting two or three

base hits in the following game. The Brooklyn club don't take to boy mascots, but they have a mascot all the same. It is a black pigeon. Whenever this pigeon circles around over the ball ground the Brooklyn club will win. When the black pigeon flies out with two white ones the score will be close. A yellow dog once wandered upon the

New York club as a mascot. It did not bring the club luck, but it got its pound of beefsteak every day. Another great idea that the ball player gets is that some certain person brings his side bad luck, and that they will

Polo grounds, and was adopted by the

Players have been known to turn shirts wrong side out before beginning play, and to sleep at night always on the same side, with their heads in a certain position.-New York Sun.

never win a game when the person is

Cruising Parties and Leased Yachts. There must be a large semi-fashionable floating population around New York during the summer season. All over the harbor and up the sound, as far as Greenwich, you will find yachts, varying from \$500 sloops to \$50,000 schooners, anchored in quiet bights and inlets, and serving as lodgings for their owners and their owners' families. On the larger vessels men and women live, sailing from place to place as the humor catches them. On the smaller ones bachelor parties hold merry revel. These latter are nearly always young men in business in the city, who attend to their occupation by day, and go cruising from Saturday till Monday. Many of these merely lease a yacht for the season. They keep the pantry full of cold meats and easily prepared canned stuff, and take their able-bodied meals ashore. One seaman serves to help them sail their craft and to take care of it when they are in the city. It does not cost them much, if anything, more than to pay room rent and board ashore, and they have a great deal more fun when the temperature is high.-Alfred Trumble in N. Y. News.

The Farms of Old Virginia.

In the first first place, each family has its little domain, and, however small, it has an imposing English name, just as if it were an earldom. Somerset, Richland, Aberdeen, Lennox, and Wayside are a few of the names of small farm-houses nestling in the Stafford pines and surrounded by thousands of acres partially cultivated lands. These houses are all frame, generally two stories high, and the poorest of them is surrounded by a lawn, through which runs one or more carriage drives. One would expect to castles when coming in view of the beautiful lawns and the centuried oaks, and would feel disappointed at the little white houses at the end of the drives; but there is a sort of rustic harmony in the picture after all. Seated in the verandas at evening and looking out on the oak-canopied swards, you would forget the absence of the castle, and, if you were an Englishman, fancy yourself amidst the lime trees on one of the grand old estates across the water.-Virginia Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Classified in Two Categories. A banker, respectable as rich, giving counsel concerning men and things to a young man just about entering business, said: "For me, young man, men are classified in two categories, knaves and fools, and no more." "But-yourself then?" "I? I have a foot in each category."-New York Sun.

Warm Water Supply atiPosth. Warm water is now supplied at the rate of 175,000 gallons per day at Pesth, from an artesian well said to be about 8,000 feet deep, and the deepest in the world. The temperature of the water is 161 degrees, but the work is to be continued until the temperature rises to 178 degrees. It is expected that the supply will also then be ample for all the wants of the city.-Foreign Letter.

Something for Boils and Carbuncies. It is stated on good medical authority that the application of a solution of menthol in ether applied to carbuncles, boils or other inflammatory troubles, will, in many instances, entirely avert them. | age.

The solutions that have been used vary from 10 to 50 per cent, of menthol, and application is made by a camel's hair brush to the affected portion. - Chicago Journal

The Novel as a Protection. Many a good standard novel has been known to drag out a miserable existence at a watering place resort where it has served merely to chaperone the owner whenever she left her room to sit on the piazza or in the public parlor. A book keeps bores at bay. Its covers protect the reader almost as well as castle wails. and intruders stand aloof from the unsociable presence of reading matter.-Boston Herald.

The Natural Sewers of Pittsburg. In addition to natural gas and other modern wonders Pittsburg has had another added to her list in the way of natural sewers. The hills around this city are honeycombed with abandoned coal pits. There are miles and miles of old entries, and thousands upon thousands of worked out "rooms" under the hills. The black wealth was turned out years ago, and now big holes along the bluff-sides mark the entrances to the cat-

The houses on Mount Washington, the Thirty-second ward, are built on the crust of earth above these tunnels. There is no system of drainage up there for a population of 7,000 or 8,000 people. Recently they found a way out of the difficulty. An oil well driller who went "broke" drilling in Washington county came to town. He had a brilliant idea. He struck a bargain with a resident named McCormick and in a few days the drill was clinking merrily in his back yard, and a week later all the refuse, sewage and waste water of the neighborhood goes pouring, through a six-inch well into an old coal mine sixty feet beneath. The perpendicular sewer scheme since then is taking, and where one man can not afford to drill a well, several neighbors bear the expense and share the benefit.

Fears have existed that this will create pestilence in years to come; that as there is no outlet the coal pits will become filled with the filth of the city and through the natural openings and fissures in the overlying rocks vapors and gases will carry death and disease abroad. -Pittsburg Letter.

Early Rising in Turkish Bed Rooms. The simplicity of domestic furniture has its advantages. At the first alarm of fire everything can be turned out of the window without injury; but it is very much opposed to our western ideas of comfort, as the slave girls, unless carefully barricaded out, make an inroad into the sleeping-room in early morning. They sweep up bed and bedding before your eyes are fairly open; two or three maidens pounce upon the mattresses, the yorghans and the embroidered pillows the instant they are unoccupied, and rolling the whole into the wrapper, bear it away to the vast cupboard constructed for that purpose in most of the rooms. The visitor is left stranded, and obliged to proceed with the incongruous feeling of dressing in a drawing-room. These remarks apply to orthodox, old-fashioned households. Young feminine Turkey has its French or German bedsteads, its armoire a glace, its washstand, all marble and fine porcelain a la franca.—Eastern Life, Mrs. Walker.

Drinking Toasts with Highland Honors. I was once in Scotland at a gathering of the clans, which dukes and earls, who were also Highland chiefs, attended, as in feudal times, at the head of their followers. The duke of Athole crossed the Grampians afoot with his men, the young and beautiful duchess riding by his side, but the loyal clansmen had no thought of equalty because their master shared the fatigues of the march. After the sports there was a dinner, at which 400 Highlanders sat down under one roof, the magnates at the top of the table. The toasts were drunk with Highland honors, every man standing on his chair with one foot on the table, the lords and the gillies all in their kilts, and the very condescension of the chiefs made the followers more loyal. They were proud to call themselves the duke of Athole's men, the earl of Fife's men, the earl of Airlie's men.-Adam Badeau's Letter.

Line of Cure for Stuttering.

Stuttering is a purely nervous difficulty. The vocal muscles are able to do perfect work, but, from deficient innervation the mind can not command them fully, and the trouble of speech commences, and soon the habit is formed, and generally grows worse and worse. The mind fears that the words will fail, and as the result they do fail. If the fear could be removed, the trouble would in large part cease. A cure can be accomplished in no way but by the persistent and determined effort of the sufferer himself. Others can accomplish little for him. If his attention and his fear can be removed from the muscles of his throat while speaking, if he can forget that any trouble is there, he will soon improve in his power. This is the one line in which his efforts must be made, and with persistent patience it can be successful.-Scientific American.

The Cars and Buses of Paris. The great feature of the cars and crowded. The conductor has no right to allow any one to board his conveyance after the seats are all taken, and if he has a platform no more than three, or at the outside four, are on this. The conductor always rigidly enforces the law against overcrowding. When all the seats are full the driver touches a cord which communicates with a little signboard bearing the word "complet," which immediately shows itself, and announces to the public the fact that a seat on that conveyance is not to be had for love or money. Should the conductor's sweetheart then come along adorned in the heighth of Parisian fashion, she could not secure a ride without rendering her lover liable to a severe penalty.-New York Times.

Name of Clarke, the Explorer. A couple of hours before getting to Billings, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, but the metropolis of a country equal to New York state, we come to Pompey's Pillar, a towering spire of sandstone named by Clarke of the famous Lewis and Clarke expedition in 1805. He cut his name in the hard rock and years after some inglorious "hoodlum" cut his name over the old and far more illustrious name. Much money and time was spent (by the Northern Pacific railroad, I believe) in obliterating the new name without compromising the older. - Frederick Schwatka in New York Times.

Christine Nilsson is an exception to the rule of singers and actresses in that she makes no attempt to conceal her real REFORMATION OF A "COWBOY."

Thought Himself a "Bad One." No man need hope for good results in any effort to deal with criminals, whether they be in a prision or out of it, who does not believe that in every man there is a possibility of goodness. Any man who has dealt with criminals will admit that he has frequently been surprised by a development of such possibilities into the very satisfactory reality of honest, upright, self-respecting life. It often happens, too, that a person criminally inclined only needs to get a right view of himself to bring about his reformation. Here is a boy, 17 years of age, who has read so many dime novels, so much of the fiction of the plains, that his heated imagination has made him believe himself fitted with all the violent qualities that go to make a successful cowboy and Indian fighter. He, indeed has tried the experiment of being an actual cowboy, ran away to the southwest, learned to drink whisky, to berd cattle, to make his talk a blaze of blasphemy, to trottle all the tender emotions, and to despise the decencies of polite society. But these accomplishments were not exceptional enough among the cowboys to attract much attention, and not finding the notoriety for which he

the bane of a peaceful boarding-house that she kept. A cowboy in the southwest is one thing; a swaggering braggadocio, armed with bowie-knife and revolver and threatening murder in a New York boarding-house, is quite another. The youth became intolerable. The poor mother's life became a burden to her. The safety of her household made it necessary that she should call upon the law for protection against her own son. She went to the police station to make the complaint. The boy was very dear to her; he was her ."baby," the youngest of the family; she was crushed by the necessity that made her the complainant against this boy. Her principles

craved, he came back to New York to be

the terror of his widowed mother and

were, however, stronger than her feelings; she made the complaint, turned away from the station-house desk, put her hand to her heart, gave a bitter moan of agony, cried out: "My heart is breaking," and fell dead! Her heart was. indeed, broken. And when the news of his mother's death was carried to the young bravado he said: "Now I suppose I shall be my own master." This would seem a bad case: one in which the better sentiments had been crushed out of ex-

This boy, as he appeared in our first interview, was fair-haired and blueeyed, with a pleasant expression of countenance, a muscular body, and a somewhat slouchy, swaggering manner. We sat facing each other for two or three minutes, mentally studying each other. I found it necessary to take precedence in the conversation. "Well," said—and I suppose I smiled—"you are a fraud: you are no cowboy; you are no Indian-tighter; you are not Bloody Bill the Scout'; you've succeeded in imposing upon your poor mother, who never saw an Indian in her life, and was always afraid of a gun; you've made fools of a lot of sally boarders; and after all you are only a poor, simple, ignorant, silly boy of 17, not even bad at heart, only you've persuaded yourself that you are bad, and people have called you bad, and you've come to believe you are. You ought to be sent to an asylum for weakminded youth, or a woman's school: you're not fit for state prison. You can never make a successful criminal; you haven't got it in you."

The boy looked amazed. He had evidently expected that I would tell him what a desperate character he was. His lip quivered, and the tears came into his eves: being found out in his deception, he "put up his hands," and capitulated to his better nature. He has concluded to be a farmer, and has conducted himself very respectably ever since that conversation. He had chosen to play a part before the world and the world had been foolish enough to allow him to occupy the place he had chosen. He had been fascinated by the bravado of crime and consumed with a craving for criminal notoriety, and this craving was fed by the account of every criminal exploit and sensational trial that he had read in the newspapers, and by every recognition of the distinction he had attained. Having been convinced that his view of life was a false and dangerous one, it was only necessary to supply a new set of interests to save the boy. In our county jails his criminal tendencies would have been further cultivated and developed; in our prisons he would have been still further stigmatized as belonging to the dangerous class.-W. R. Round in

Cheap Books Published in England. The publication of cheap books in England, as well as here, has led to a marvelous improvement in the character of the works issued for popular circulation. Instead of the familiar penny dreadfuls and shilling shockers, the cream of English literature is now found in the book stalls and on the railway news stands at a price accessible to all. A strange feature of the change is that American writers now compete in England with the home authors-Hawthorne, Holmes, Whittier, Howells and James, not to mention Longfellow, being almost invariably found beside Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, Blackmore, Collins, Black and Tennyson. It is a good thing for the public, but we fear the authors lose by it.-New York Graphic.

Sir John and His Pet Wasp. Sir John Lubbock, at a recent meeting of a natural science association in London, exhibited a very strange pet. It was a tame wasp which had been in his possession for about three months. It ate sugar from his hand and allowed him to stroke it. The wasp had every appearance of health and happiness; and, although it enjoyed an "outing" occasionally, it readily returned to its bottle, which it seemed to regard as a home.—New York Commercial Adver-

What is said to be the largest schooner in the world will soon be launched at Bath, Me. She will have a coal-carrying capacity of 2,600 tons.

New York has boarding-houses for birds, whose owners have left the city during the summer months.

A farmer at Newberry, Tenn., has hen that takes care of 170 young chickeus and one little turkey. Forty-seven thousand flats are said to be for rent in Paris. They would accom-

modate 200,000 people. Er boy whut is sassy ter his foder is gwine ter be sassy ter de law.-Arkanmw traveler,

SOUTHWESTERN PINE TIMBER.

A 17-Years-Old Dime Novel Reader, Who fimber Area of New Mexico and Arizona -The Sierra Madre's Forests. In a general way it can be stated that the genus Pinus tapers toward the south, whereas the Picea comes up from Mexico and runs out in Arizona. Of the former, P. Murrayana and ponderosa are most esteemed as building lumber, P. edulis (the "Pinon") is hardly good for anything but firewood and small beams. For posts, the red cedar and the junipers (J. occidentalis and Californica) are profitably used. While smaller conifers extend into the plain, the Pinon grows on extensive mesas or table mountains also, as well as on lower slopes; the stately yellow pine covers crests and the higher declivities and lines mountain torrents in deep ravines. Dense forests are not common. Northern New Mexico enjoys rather a widespread timber area to what is called "Tierra amarilla" (yellow land or soil), and the plateau of the Zuni range, between Fort Wingate and Nutria, bears a fine growth of stately trees. Many canons are well stocked, but, on the whole, denuded and treeless expanses vastly predominate.

Arizona exhibits similar proportions.

The pine regions around the Sierra

Blanca are everywhere bounded by

naked ranges, basins and plateaux, and so are the San Francisco mountains. Towards the south all chains become more arid, and therefore, in appearance at least, abrupt and forbidding. There is, in place of lofty trees, thorny shrubbery, composed of species which, under favorable circumstances, also assume aboreal proportions, like the mezquite (Prosopis juliflora) the palo-verde or green wood (Parkinsonia Torreyana) the red madrono (Arbutus Xalapensis); but conifers are scarce, except in isolated and not very steep chains, like the Sierra Huachua and the Sierra Santa-Rita. south of Tucson. Both are very high, the latter culminating at 10,500 feet. I is a well-known fact that the timber line of Arizona in latitude 33 to 34 degrees north is several hundred feet lower than that of Colorado in latitude 38 to 39 degrees, but these are local con ditions. Under the parallels of 37 to 38 degrees, in Colorado also, the timber line is, on arr average, 1,000 feet below that of only one degree further north, 600 feet below the uppermost tree-limit of the Arizonian White mountains, and 1,100 feet lower than on the San Francisco range.

has any thing that equals in magnitude the vast area, covered with coniferous forests, of the Si, rra Madre of Chihuahua and of Sonora. The Sierra Madre begins in latitude 30 degrees 45 minutes (about), and as its slopes ascend, the growth of timber thickens and becomes more stately. The interior of the chain is, as far as latitude 29 degrees, a vast elevated basin, thickly studded with pines, among which varieties of Picea are prominent. It is well watered, delightfully cool in summer, not too cold in winter. Game abounds, for along the water-courses grows luxuriant grass. But the region is inaccessible as yet, for so long as Apache outbreaks occur, so long will the savage make this his stronghold, his place of refuge. The greatest wealth of the basin, aside from mines (many of which are vet problematical), consists in its timber. Approach to it must come from the east, as the western entrances are few, tortuous and often barred by nearly unscalable heights .-New York Post.

Packing Fruit in California. Imagine the labor of picking, packing and shipping so vast a quantity of fruit. Nicety and care must mark every step in the proceedings. Not an individual can be packed with the stem removed. especially if the boxes are to cross the continent, or be sent to Oregon or Washington or British Columbia. Not one bruised in the slightest degree must steal into the box, lest, like a bad boy among his fellows, it shall affect all the others. In packing nearly all the fruits the empty boxes are turned top down on the tables, with the cover securely nailed on. A layer of the fruit-cherries, for instance—is then placed in regular, even rows on the cover, with stems all standing. This gives to the fruit when opened an orderly appearance which arrests the eye, and in nine cases out of ten makes the looker-on feel that he wants that fruit. The cherries are now laid in carefully between the upright stems and until the box is full. Now the bottom cover is applied and the box turned over and branded, if that has not already been done. Thus, you perceive, that the packing of fresh fruit is a thing in the world which is done from the top up !- San Francisco Cor. Cleveland

The Triumph Would Be Brief. It is practicable to-day for an ironclad to enter our harbors and lay our seaports under tribute, but the triumph would be brief and the insult would be amply requited. We can quickly defend our seaports, and, as for invasion and permanent occupation of our territory, Europe combined could not successfully accomplish it. At this moment our standing army is small, but in a week we can concentrate at any point of attack 100,000 well-equipped and well-drilled volunteers, not surpassed to-day by any infantry in the world. In the war between the states over 3,200,000 soldiers were enrolled in the opposing armies. Many of them still survive, and will fight shoulder to shoulder against an invading army, and, animated by patriotic emulation in repelling a common enemy, the world in arms can not conquer us .- Gen. D. H. Maury in New York Star. A Discovery of More Microbes.

At the recent meeting of the State Medical association of Texas Dr. Mc-Laughlin, of Austin, read a paper, claiming that he had made a remarkable discovery in regard to dengue fever. He claims to have found the microbes of the disease, and from his experiments he believes that the same discoveries are to be made in small-pox, yellow fever, hydrophobia, hog typhus, chicken cholera and Texas cattle fever, all of which can be mitigated or avoided by vaccinating with attenuated virus.-Medical Jour-

The Thirteenth of the Name. The baby monarch of Spain is the eleventh European sovereign who, in historical times, has been labeled with the questionable number thirteen. As his companions he has an emperor of Constantinople, a king of France, two kings of Sweden, and six popes of Rome .-Chicago Tribune.

Plays "Adapted from the English." French and German managers have at last reached that stage appreciation when they are willing to advertise plays "adapted from the English."

Putting on His War Paint.

The crew of the gun I belonged to loaded me down with empty canteens, and I ran to avoid the sharpshooters ire to the protection of the forest behind 18. There I saw many soldiers. Holow-eved tired looking men they were, too, but not "coffee boilers," lying on the ground sleeping soundly. They had sought the comparative safely of the forest to sleep. Near the spring. which rose in a dense thicket through which a spring run flowed, the shade was thick and the forest gloomy. The water in the spring had been soiled, so I reached for another higher up the run. While searching for it I saw a colonel of infantry put on his war paint. It was a howling farce in one act-one brief act of not more than twenty seconds duration, but the fun of the world was crowded into it. This blonde, bewhiskered braved sat

safely behind a large oak tree. He looked around quickly. He took a cartridge out of his vest pocket, tore the paper with his strong white teeth, spilled the powder into his right palm, spat on it, and then, first casting a quick glance around to see if he was observed, he rubbed the moistened powder on his face and hands, and then dust-coated the war paint. Instantly he was transformed from a trembling coward who lurked behind a tree into an exhausted brave taking a little well-earned repose. I laughed silently at the spectacle, and filled my canteens at a spring I found, and then rejoined my comrades, and together we laughed at and then drank to the health of the blonde warrior. That night I slept and dreamed of comic plays and extravagant burlesques; but in the wildest of dream vagaries there was no picture that at all compared to the actual one I had seen in the forest. That colonel is yet, alive. I saw him to years ago.—Frank Wilkeson in New York

A Paradise Found in Patagonia. Not long ago Patagonia was believed to be one of the most desolate and uninviting parts of the world. We have learned within the past three years, however, that a great deal of Patagonia is not to be judged by the bleak and verdureless Atlantic seaboard. The Argentine military expiditions have brought home some astonishing reports, which are now supplemented by the discoveries of Col. Fontana. This gentleman, the Argentine gov-

ernor of the Chubut province, has just mouth on the Atlantic coast to its head streams in the Cordilleras, traveling 3,000 miles, and crossing in various directions a large region extending 250 miles south of 42 south latitude. In a letter which the president of the Argentine Republic received from him a few weeks ago, Col. Fontana said that he had discovered many fertile valleys, well-watered plains, immense tracts of rich pasturage, a number of lakes, and extensive forests containing trees of unusual size.

"I have found," he writes, "new lands of a superior quality, well adapted for colonization and cattle raising, with a healthful climate, an abundance of wood, and useful minerals. This region, I believe, is destined to become one of the most beautiful and prosperous parts of the Argentine possessions." - N. Y.

Facts Concerning the Sponge Trade. The first arrival of Mediterranean sponges are now coming in. They are shipped first to London; where they are sorted, cleansed, and packed prior to export. There are three kinds of sponges, of which "sheep-wools" are the best, "velveteens" next, and "grass" the poorest. St. Louis is a large distributing point for all kinds, and this season's importation is exceptionally heavy. The prices vary from as low as 5 cents to as many dollars, but most of the cheap sponges come from the gulf of Mexico, where the yield is very large, but the quality generally coarser. St. Louis will probably have 25,000 pounds weight from Florida alone this year.

The Mediterranean varieties have the biggest sale in this country, but while we import these from London we ship any quantity of Florida sponges to that city. English people don't know it, but as a matter of fact most of the "Mediterranean" sponges sold in England come from the gulf of Mexico, and hence the apparent anomaly of sponges being a great deal cheaper there than here. At current retail prices there it wouldn't pay to sell Mediterranean sponges at all. -John E. Moffitt in Globe-Democrat.

When Bacteria Are Most Numerous During what portion of the day are bacteria or organic germs most numerously present in the atmosphere? Mons. Miquel, a member of the Paris Society of Public Medicine, has been trying to discover the true answer to this question, and he has found the number largest between 6 and 9 o'clock in the morning, and smallest at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. In the night he finds also a maximum at 7 and a minimum at 2. These results would indicate that the best times to open a house for ventilation would be 2 o'clock in the afternoon and 2 o'clock in the morning. This is well enoul in summer, but the early ventilation will hardly be favorable in winter. -Chicago Herald.

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